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A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY,

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

THOMAS TYLER, M.A.,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, ETC., ETC.

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43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

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1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.
1. Hamlet. 1603. Q_1.
2. Hamlet. 1604. Q_2.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q_1. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q_2. (Roberts.)
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q_1.
6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q_1.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q_1. (Roberts.)
8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q_1.
9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q_1
10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q_1.
11. Richard III. 1597. Q_1.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q_1.
13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q_1.
17. Richard II. 1597. Q_1. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (*Best version: text printed.*)

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. Q_1.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q_1.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q_2. (Heyes.)
18. Richard II. 1597. Q_1. Mr. Huth's copy.
19. Richard II. 1608. Q_3.
20. Richard II. 1634. Q_5.
21. Pericles. 1609. Q_1.
22. Pericles. 1609. Q_2.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q_3. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.).
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q_3. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.).
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q_1.
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q_2.
27. Henry V. 1600. Q_1.
28. Henry V. 1608. Q_2.
29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q_1.
30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q_1.
31. Othello. 1622. Q_1.
32. Othello. 1630. Q_2.
33. King Lear. 1608. Q_1. (N. Butter, *Pide Bull.*)
34. King Lear. 1608. Q_2. (N. Butter.)
35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q_1.
36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. Q_4.
37. Contention. 1594. Q_1. (For 2 Henry VI.)
38. True Tragedy. 1595. Q_1. (For 3 Henry VI.)
39. The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q_1.
40. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part I. 1591. Q_1.
41. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part II. 1591. Q_1.
42. Richard III. 1602. Q_3.
43. Richard III. 1622. Q_5.

[*Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No.* 38.]

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§ 1. Dr. Furnivall, in the Forewords to the *Contention* (1594), in this series of facsimiles, gave a considerable abstract and summary of the opinions expressed by the late Mr. Grant White in his "Essay on the Authorship of King Henry the Sixth." Mr. Grant White's opinion was, that Shakspere, Greene, Marlowe, and perhaps Peele, were the authors of the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*; that Shakspere, when he re-wrote these old dramas for his own *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, rejected the work of his colleagues, retaining only what he had himself written, and this he corrected and enlarged. At the close, however, of his Forewords Dr. Furnivall observed, "But there are two sides to every question; and on this one Miss Jane Lee and others of us have since taken the other side." According to Miss Lee (*New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, pp. 219—311), Marlowe and Greene, with perhaps Peele, were the authors of the old plays, Shakspere taking no part in the original composition; but to

Shakspere, working together with Marlowe, was due the revision of the old plays and their transformation into *Henry VI., Parts 2 and 3.*

§ 2. α. Miss Lee, in her able contribution to the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, after some preliminary remarks on the problem to be dealt with, maintains that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are plays of an earlier date than the last two parts of *Henry VI.*[1]

β. The first consideration adduced relates to the metre and versification. "The general want of regularity and equality—the monotonous sing-song rhythm of some scenes, the irregular and careless metre of others—which characterized the versification of our earlier dramatic writers, is in great measure characteristic of the versification of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*." In illustration passages are quoted from the speech of York at the end of 2 *Henry VI.*, Act III. sc. i., and with these is compared the much shorter parallel passage in the *Contention*, beginning—

> "Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp."

With respect to the passage in the *Contention* Miss Lee observes, "It seems to me as clear that it belongs to an earlier stage in the progress of dramatic poetry, as to a geologist it is clear that the stratum which exhibits the simpler forms of creation belongs to an earlier stage of our earth's growth than that which teems with higher orders of organic life."

γ. Then, as to the subject-matter, there are differences in particulars. For example, "In the *True Tragedy*, Richard gives an account of the death of Warwick's father (Salisbury), while in the corresponding lines of 3 *Henry VI.* (Act II. sc. iii. 14) he makes no mention of Salisbury, but describes instead the death of Warwick's brother." It is scarcely probable that such differences would have proceeded from a copyist.

Again, in passages, where many lines are partly, and others wholly, different, "we suddenly come upon a group of lines quite the same." A group of lines very closely approximating occurs in the *True Tragedy* and in 3 *Henry VI.*, Act V. sc. iv.:—

> "Women and children, of so high a courage,
> And warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual shame.
> O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
> Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
> To bear his image and renew his glories!"

Such passages, as containing sometimes unimportant words and

[1] In making an abstract from Miss Lee's paper I have had regard mainly to the *True Tragedy*, though frequent reference to the *Contention* was unavoidable.

spoken by minor personages would scarcely have been preserved intact by a copyist, who at the same time was giving imperfect versions of speeches assigned to leading characters.

Further, "the speech made by York in the beginning of *Henry VI.*, Part 3, I. iv., is full of beauty: as, for example, when he likens the Yorkist army to ships flying before the wind; and to lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves; or compares the fruitless rally and charge made by the beaten army to the bootless labour of a swan swimming against the tide":—

> "I have seen a swan
> With bootless labour swim against the tide
> And spend her strength with over-matching waves."

"These are lines that linger in the memory. But they are all wanting to the passage as it appears in the *True Tragedy*. Can it be thought that a transcriber of *Henry VI.*, Part 3, would have forgotten and left them out?"

Malone, says Miss Lee, lays great stress on 22 lines at the beginning of *Henry VI.*, Part 3, IV. iii., of which there is no trace in the *True Tragedy*. Here Warwick makes a speech ending with the lines,—

> "And now what rests but in nights couerture,
> Thy brother being carelesslie encampt,
> His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
> And but attended by a simple guarde,
> We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
> Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
> Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes
> And breake we presentlie into his tent."

We are required, according to the *True Tragedy*, "to imagine that Warwick now crosses the stage, and by so doing (without any change of scene) reaches Edward's tent.

"The writer of *Henry VI.*, Part 3, clearly thought that such a proceeding demanded too great an effort of imagination; accordingly he introduces a spirited conversation between the sentinels who are guarding Edward's tent; and whilst the attention of the audience is thus diverted, Warwick performs his journey behind the scenes."

δ. Miss Lee sums up with regard to the internal evidence. "To me it seems that the differences between the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and *Henry VI.*, Parts 2 and 3, are so many and so important, that if we allow the former to be imperfect transcripts of the latter, we must suppose that some dramatist took his stolen copies or his shorthand notes and regularly rewrote them. We must suppose that he newly versified the plays; that he introduced

fresh circumstances; that he added much new and poor matter; and that he left out the greatest and most thoughtful passages. On no other supposition can the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* be imperfect copies of *Henry VI.*, Parts 2 and 3."

§ 3. Miss Lee then turns to the external evidence, remarking that it is "but scanty. The earliest known edition of the *Contention* is the Quarto of 1594. The earliest known edition of the *True Tragedy* is the Quarto of 1595. The earliest known edition of *Henry VI.*, Parts 2 and 3, is the First Folio of 1623." "The earliest contemporary allusion that we know of is contained in Greene's pamphlet, the *Groatsworth of Wit.*" Miss Lee then quotes from Greene the passage, to which I shall have to refer again, about the "'vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie.' By Shake-scene there can be no doubt that Greene meant Shakspere. The line 'Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide' is a parody of the line 'Oh tyger's hart wrapt in a woman's hide,'" which occurs in the *True Tragedy* and in *Henry VI.*, Part 3 (I. iv. 137). "The fair meaning, as it seems to me, of the passage in the *Groatsworth of Wit* is, that Shakspere had borrowed (or, as Greene would say, had stolen) from Greene and his friends; and that amongst other appropriations he had taken this line.[1] If we grant this, if the passage does refer to Shakspere as a writer, we have, I think, as good proof as can be desired that the *Henry VI.* plays were written before the summer of 1592—say 1590,—and, I think, equally good proof that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were anterior in date to them." "I conclude, therefore, that *Henry VI.*, Parts 2 and 3, were written before 1592, and that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were written still earlier."

§ 4. Miss Lee then addresses herself to the question of authorship, and observes, "I do not believe that any part of the *Contention* or of the *True Tragedy* was written by Shakspere." After alluding again to the *Groatsworth of Wit*, she points to "the fact that the *True Tragedy* (and probably the *Contention*) was acted by Lord Pembroke's players, while, so far as we know, none of Shakspere's plays was acted by that company." Then there is the fact that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were in the hands of the publishers Millington and Pavier, "who between them owned nearly the whole of those which are known as the 'doubtful plays'" of

[1] I take, as will be seen in the sequel, a somewhat different view of the matter.—T. T.

Shakspere. Millington did not place Shakspere's name on the titles either in 1594 and 1595 or in the edition published in 1600. "It was not until the year 1619, when Shakspere had been in his grave three years, that Pavier brought out an edition of the plays with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page. It should be noted, that after Shakspere's death, Pavier in like manner published *Sir John Oldcastle*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *The Puritan*, stating that they were written by Shakspere, though we know that none of these plays were his." It is noteworthy also that Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), enumerating works by Shakspere, does not mention either *Henry VI.* or the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*.

§ 5. *a*. The internal evidence is, in Miss Lee's view, insufficient to prove that Shakspere wrote any part of the two plays last named. As to the Cade scenes of the *Contention*, which have been specially adduced as giving evidence of Shakspere's hand :—"But the comic scenes in the *Contention* are written by a man who knows the world; who has held close intercourse with men, and learned therefrom to mock and laugh." But as to "the manner and import of Shakspere's early works. Are they not overflowing with the mirth and lightheartedness of youth, and filled with memories of the happiness and freedom of his country home?" Miss Lee therefore, concluded that, before the summer of 1592, Shakspere cannot have written the scenes in question.[1]

β. It is scarcely necessary here to say much on an argument which Miss Lee pursues at some length on "a supposed analogy between the Biron passage in *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii. 290)—where the same thoughts are repeated again and again in very similar words, and where one group of three lines is quite unnecessarily given twice over—and York's speech in *Henry VI.*, Part 2 (I. i. 215), where the line 'Anjou and Maine are given unto the French' occurs twice."

§ 6. *a*. Having maintained that Shakspere was not the author either wholly or partly of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, Miss Lee addresses herself to the task of showing that the true authors were Marlowe and Greene, to whose writings she considers that the two plays have a remarkable resemblance.

That Greene was concerned with the *True Tragedy* is shown by the passage in the *Groatsworth of Wit* and by some lines in a publication entitled *Greene's Funeralle* by R. B. Gent. 1594, in which it is said that

[1] With reference to this matter I may be pardoned for referring to some remarks on "Indications of Gloom" in Shakspere's earlier works in the Introduction to my edition of the *Sonnets*, p. 130.—T. T.

"the men that so eclipst his fame,
Purloynde his plumes: can they deny the same?"

"We know of no other writings to which the lines can refer than the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*. Hence the natural inference that Greene was either their author or one of their authors."

β. Again, "the *True Tragedy* was acted by Lord Pembroke's servants. Greene wrote, Nash tells us, 'more than four other' for Lord Pembroke's company.[1] Marlowe's *Edward II.* also was played by Lord Pembroke's men. Thus, independently of the proofs offered by the plays themselves, there is ground for believing that Greene was one of their writers; and there is, at least, no ground for disbelieving that Marlowe had a share in their composition."

γ. The matter to which Miss Lee next refers is one of no small importance. "There are two scenes—and only two—in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, which on first thoughts seem to lie not beyond the range, but somewhat out of the wonted course, of Marlowe's genius." These are Scene x. of the *Contention*, from 19 to 112 (pp. 36—38, facsimile of Q 1), when Duke Humphrey's murder has been discovered, and Scene iii. of the *True Tragedy*, (pp. 18 to 21), where York is reviled and put to death by Margaret. "It is of course to passages such as these that any person who believes Shakspere to have been in part the author of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* will naturally point." It is with the latter, the passage in the *True Tragedy*, that we are here mainly concerned. It begins,—

"Braue warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand,"

and ends,

"Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the toune of Yorke."[2]

Miss Lee does not allow that Shakspere was the author of these scenes. "The writer," she maintains, "was Marlowe." "I say that in Marlowe's dramas there are many passages which equal these in the music of their rhythm, and in the strength of their diction, and which far surpass them in depth of thought." Miss Lee then quotes two passages from *Faust* (v. 3 and i. 3), asking,

[1] Nash (*Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 197) speaks of "Greene being chiefe agent for the companie," but it is not clear to me that Lord Pembroke's company is meant.—T. T.

[2] It is very noteworthy, I may just remark in passing, that in the portion of the play thus limited occurs the famous line parodied by Greene,

"Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide."—T. T.

"Who will tell me that the 10th scene of the *Contention* or the 3rd scene of the *True Tragedy* contains verses as beautiful or as thoughtful as these?" The first quoted passage begins,—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
> Her lips sunk forth my soul! see where it flies;
> Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again!
> Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
> And all is dross that is not Helena," etc.[1]

δ. The absence of rhyme is, according to Miss Lee, a strong argument in favour of Marlowe and against Shakspere as the author of the old plays, an argument directed against Mr. Grant White. And the argument from grammatical structure tells in the same direction; and various resemblances of verbal expression point to Marlowe and Greene. In this part of the discussion Miss Lee observes, "I maintain that such resemblances are of some value. They are not, I admit, of great value; but when, as in the case before us, all evidence is probable, not positive, it would be unwise to reject any testimony which may aid us in arriving at a conclusion."

ε. Having mentioned some resemblances of thought, which need not perhaps detain us, Miss Lee adduces lines alleged to be "verbally transcribed, or reproduced with but slight alteration." In the majority of these it is Marlowe's *Edward II.* which is quoted. The most remarkable parallel is between the *Contention* and *Edward II.*:—

> "The wild Oneyl, my lord, is up in arms,
> With troops of Irish kerns, that, uncontrolled,
> Doth plant themselves within the English pale."
> *Cont.* ix. 134.

> "The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
> Lives uncontrolled within the English pale."
> *Edw. II.*, II. ii.

The more striking examples from the *True Tragedy* are the following:—

> "What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted."
> *Tr. Trag.* xxii. 50.

> "And highly scorning that the lowly earth
> Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air."
> *Edw. II.*, V. i.

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[1] But, whatever may be the poetical merit of these passages from Marlowe, it does not quite appear that they answer the objection as to certain portions of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* "lying not beyond the range, but somewhat out of the wonted course, of Marlowe's genius." The furious speech of Margaret and the reply of York are of a different character.—T. T.

"Frownest thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster."
Edw. II., I. i.

"Sweet duke of York our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for us."
Tr. Trag. iv.

"Sweet duke of Guise our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead here is no stay for us."
Massacre of Paris, III. iii.

The similar lines in Greene and in the *Cont.* and *T. T.*, as adduced by Miss Lee, need not be quoted in this abstract.

ζ. But there are, it is argued, other and close resemblances between these plays and Greene; as in "remote allusions, proverbial sayings," &c. One of these is certainly curious. In *Cont.* xii. 51, mention is made of "Abradas the great Macedonian pirate." This is changed in *Henry VI.*, Part 2, IV. i. 108, to "Bargalus the strong Illyrian pirate." "But except in this line of the *Contention*, 'Abradas' has been found only once in all literature, and that in a book by Greene, 'Penelope's Web.'" As to Greene's fondness for proverbial sayings, the following examples are given from the *Tr. Trag.*

"This would be ten days wonder at the least."—x. 92.

"Beggars mounted, run their horse to death."—iii. 161.

"Things evil got, had ever bad success."—v. 45.

"And happy ever was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell."—v. 46, 47.

"This proverb occurs in Greene s *Royal Exchange*, 4to, London, 1590, and also in Greene's *Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 4to, London, 1593. Sig. II. 3."

η. The department of the subject to which Miss Lee next directs her attention is, the "similarity of character in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and in the plays of Marlowe and of Greene." "It is beyond a doubt that Marlowe was incapable of writing the *Cade* scenes of the *Contention*." We see Greene "at his best in that part of the *Contention* which relates to the rebellion of Jack Cade and the men of Kent. The chief difficulty," Miss Lee with candour confesses, "is, that these scenes are almost too good to be his." "Speaking broadly, in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* the characters of King Henry VI., Cardinal Beaufort, York, Suffolk, the two Cliffords, are drawn by Marlowe; but I say this with the reservation, that in certain scenes written by Greene, the parts of these characters were written by Greene also." "There can be no question that Richard is the work of Marlowe. No other writer but Marlowe (granting that Shakspere did not produce them) would have written those cruel, passionate, melancholy lines which

sum up Richard's character in the 10th and in the 22nd scenes of the *True Tragedy*."[1] According to Miss Lee, Margaret of Anjou, "a woman pettily jealous, a vindictive, bloodthirsty fury, and an unfaithful wife," "was first conceived by Marlowe, not by Shakspere." Peele may have been one of the writers who co-operated to produce the two plays. But Miss Lee hesitates to fix definitely the precise parts in the work executed by the respective poets. "It is," she says, "next to impossible for any person—with only the evidence of style to guide him—to lay it down dogmatically, with assurance, that such particular lines were written by such a particular writer. In many of the scenes of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* the attempt is an especially hopeless one, for there is not any single test which we can call to our aid."[2]

§ 7. *a.* Passing from Miss Lee's able paper, I may observe that near the end of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* is the letter addressed

> "To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance,
> that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G.
> wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome
> to preuent his extremities."

The letter then begins,—

"If wofull experience may mooue you (Gentlemen) to beware, or vnheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed: I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder

---

[1] But the essential unity of the character of Richard in the *True Tragedy* and in Shakspere's *Richard III.* requires certainly to be taken into account.

[2] In the discussion which followed Miss Lee's paper, Dr. Furnivall, alluding to the profusion of animal metaphors in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and especially in the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, asked, "Who then is this farmyard and menagerie man who often indulges in aphorisms?" Miss Lee, in reply, observed, "There are a sufficient number of allusions to animals in Marlowe and in Shakspere to justify my belief that it was they who inserted these animal metaphors in the *Henry VI.* plays. Besides many are transplanted out of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and Greene's predilection for animals—both real and fabulous—is well known. 'Did I,' exclaims Nash, indignant at being accused of having imitated Greene, 'euer write of cony-catching? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones? . . . if not how then do I imitate him?' ('Haue with you to Saffron Walden,' &c., 1596, Sig. V. 3. See Dyce's ed. of Greene, p. 37). 'If any man bee of a dainty and curious eare,' says the author of *Martine Mar-Sixtus*, 1592, undoubtedly alluding to Greene, 'I shall desyre him to repayre to those authors; euery man hath not a perle-mint, a fish-mint, nor a bird-mint in his braine, all are not licensed to create new stones, new fowles, new serpents, to coyne new creatures' (Preface. See Dyce's ed. of Greene, p. 37)." "For these reasons I do not think that the animal and insect metaphors necessarily indicate another writer than Shakspere or Marlowe at work in the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*"

not, (for with thee wil I first begin) thou famous gracer of Tragedians that *Greene*, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse," etc.

The "gracer of Tragedians" thus addressed, and at some length, is admitted to be Marlowe. Next after him comes most probably Nash,—

"With thee I ioyne young *Iuuenall*, that byting Satyrist, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised," etc.

The paragraph in which the last of the three (identified with Peele), who were Greene's "quondam acquaintance," the playwrights, is addressed, had better perhaps be given in full:—

"And thou no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driuen (as my selfe) to extreame shifts; a little haue I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet S. *George*, thou art vnworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Baseminded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleaue: those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al haue beene beholding: is it not like that you, to whome they all haue beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie, O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: & let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaint them with your admired inuentions. I know the best husband of you all will neuer proue an Vsurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer prooue a kinde nurse: yet, whilst you may seeke you better Maisters; for it is pittie men of such rare wits, should be subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes."

β. For the decision of the question whether Shakspere had any part in the composition of the *True Tragedy* as it now stands, Greene's letter to the playwrights is of very great importance. That the play was originally written by Shakspere in conjunction with Greene and others must be regarded as improbable. If this had been the fact, could Greene have described Shakspere as an "*upstart* crow"? The word "upstart" seems to indicate a new-

comer, and to be incompatible with an original copartnership. On the other hand, when Greene says, "With *his* 'Tygers hart wrapt in a players hide,'" etc., the word "his" seems *prima facie* to indicate that the line thus parodied was intended as a specimen of Shakspere's verse. "Oh tyger's hart wrapped in a woman's hide" cannot be regarded as a line where the thought is expressed in a particularly felicitous manner. If the line had been written by Greene himself or any writer other than Shakspere, its use here would have been much less appropriate. Greene's intention may be regarded as being to upbraid Shakspere for selfishness, harshness, and want of consideration for others—the "tyger's heart"—and at the same time to taunt him with poetical inferiority, and the production of mere inflated bombast. Other parodies might be adduced in illustration. There is one which will not occupy much space, and which is tolerably well known. The poet, James Thomson (author of the *Seasons*) wrote an unsuccessful tragedy called *Sophonisba*, and containing a particularly weak line,—

"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O."

This line was parodied into

"O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson O."

And to a certain extent this parody may be regarded as similar to Greene's "Tyger's heart wrapped in a Player's hide." But what was the cause of Greene's hostility to Shakspere? It has been, I should imagine, generally supposed that this resulted from an alleged plagiarism, the appropriation by Shakspere of Greene's work, and the putting it forth as if it were his own. No doubt this charge is made clearly and conspicuously. And Greene, we may well believe, was desirous of attaining the renown of a great poet, the

"——doctarum hederae praemia frontium."

According to the well-known story he requested the wife of the shoemaker in whose house he died, to place a wreath on his head after death, a request which it is said she did not fail to fulfil. But, besides the sentimental grievance, it is pretty evident that Greene had in view matters of a more practical character. He complains of having been driven to "extreme shifts," and of being "forsaken." When he uses the plural "them"—"of them forsaken"—there may possibly be an allusion to one or more other persons, even if Shakspere is particularly aimed at. Greene complains that they had sought "like burs" to attach themselves to him, and so, we may take it, through his influence had introduced themselves to a position which could be used for purposes of pecuniary profit. Greene, we learn from Nash, occupied a prominent position, "being

chiefe agent for the companie," apparently of "Poets and writers about London." He may very well have had influence with Lord Pembroke's company; and it seems likely that Shakspere was alleged to have obtained an introduction to this company through Greene. The *True Tragedy* was performed by them; and a suggestion has been made, which seems to me probably true, that this play (as well as the *Contention*) existed in a form earlier than that which has come down to us. Of these plays Greene had been, at least, one of the authors. Probably some changes and modifications were required. It may have been that Greene's irregularities had caused him to be regarded as a man on whom there could be no safe reliance; and that consequently the task was put into Shakspere's hands. Hence Greene would think that money had passed into Shakspere's pocket which should have gone into his own.[1] And it should be observed that Shakspere's being thus employed, not altogether in original composition, but in manipulating and dealing with other men's work, is entirely in accordance with the designation *Johannes factotum*, which has been interpreted "Jack-of-all-trades." And the complaint about the borrowed feathers is obviously in accord with the conclusion that Shakspere had not excluded the whole of Greene's work, but had incorporated a portion of it with his own. If Marlowe had taken part in the original composition of the plays, he does not seem to have regarded unfavourably the part taken by Shakspere. But of Marlowe I shall have to speak again directly.

But however strong may be the reasons already adduced for regarding the line "Oh Tyger's hart," etc., as the work of Shakspere, they should not be considered alone, but together with the character of the scene in which they occur, and which is admitted by Miss Lee to be of a somewhat exceptional character (see above p. viii). There are some remarkable words and phrases which may be adduced as giving probable evidence of Shakspere's hand. The most remarkable is "weeping-ripe," which occurs only in the address of the Queen to Northumberland towards the end of the scene,—

> "What weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?"

and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 274,—

> "The King was weeping ripe for a good word."

Similar is the use of "captivate," "to imprison, subdue," in the longer speech of York,—

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[1] When Greene says, "I know that the best husband of you all will never prove an Vsurer," he probably insinuates a charge of love of money against the persons attacked.

"Vpon his woes whom Fortune captiuates,"

and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. 126,—

"Thou wert immersed, restrained, captivated, bound."

There are other remarkable words which furnish, perhaps, less striking evidence, as "vizard," "Antipodes," "mess of sons."

§ 8. *a*. Both Marlowe and Shakspere took offence at what Greene had said; but as Greene was dead they directed their animosity against Chettle, who had edited the *Groatsworth of Wit*. Chettle in the prefatory address "To the Gentlemen Readers," prefixed to his *Kind harts dreame* (which was published some three months later than the *Groatsworth of Wit*) makes the statement,—

"About three moneths since died M. *Robert Greene*, leauing many papers in sundry Booke sellers hands, among other his Groatsworth of wit, in which a letter written to diuers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing Author: and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. . . . With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be."

The last sentence refers, no doubt, to Marlowe; and it may be supposed that Chettle was not anxious to make his acquaintance, on account of his reputation for heterodoxy.

Chettle then refers to Shakspere:—

"The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, . . . I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; Besides diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that approoues his Art."

Chettle was sorry to have given Shakspere any occasion of offence; but, as it has been justly said, he does not assert that the charge made by Greene against Shakspere was entirely without foundation. "Divers of worship" had testified to Shakspere's "uprightness of dealing," a fact which gave evidence of his honesty; and this is entirely in accordance with Shakspere's executing, under the instructions of others, such a task as I have suggested.

Marlowe, Chettle argues, ought not to have taken such offence; for he had much respect for Marlowe's learning, and besides, in preparing Greene's manuscript for the press he had inserted nothing additional, not a single word. He had even "put something out," which Greene had written against Marlowe, and which seemed

intolerably offensive. Chettle concluded this must have been written "in some displeasure."

"For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and at the perusing of *Greene's* Booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ: or had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable: him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue. . . . To be breife, I writ it ouer; and as neare as I could, followed the copy; onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in."

β. The question suggests itself, What was the nature of this intolerably offensive attack on Marlowe? We shall be in a better position to answer this question if we can ascertain in what part of Greene's letter the attack on Marlowe was made. The excision of the offensive words might or might not cause any obvious dislocation. But, if we can detect a breach of continuity, we shall have ground for inferring where the omission was made; and the context may afford us some indication of the nature of the matter which was omitted. Now there is a pretty evident breach of continuity in close proximity to the passage in Greene's letter which has special interest for us; I mean that relating to the "tyger's heart" and "Shake-scene." There is a remarkable and abrupt transition from the addressing of *three* persons to the addressing of *two*. Having said, "Base men all *three* of you," the letter proceeds a little further on to speak, not of all three being suddenly forsaken by the persons in question, but of the danger lest "*both*" should be "at once of them forsaken." Here, then, there is evidence that one of the three persons mentioned before has been left out; and, since it was something concerning Marlowe which was omitted, we may take it that he is excluded here, when two only are mentioned. Now, as the context refers to the alleged wrong committed by Shakspere against Greene, it would seem likely that, in relation to this alleged wrong, Marlowe was in a position different from that of the other two play-wrights. Was he aiding and abetting Shakspere in proceedings which Greene thought so nefarious? It has been said that, about 1593, Shakspere was writing his *Richard III.* in the manner of Marlowe and under his influence. Shakspere, then, may very well have been in somewhat close association with Marlowe, and may have received countenance from him in dealing with the *True Tragedy*. Shakspere was probably working for Lord Pembroke's Company, by whom the *True Tragedy* was performed; and it was this company which, as we learn from the title of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, had performed that play also. "Shakspere," says Miss Lee, "was in many points Marlowe's faithful disciple. There is a sort of traditional feeling that they

were friends—due to the kindly manner in which Shakspere speaks of Marlowe in *As You Like It*:—

> 'Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
> "He never loved, that loved not at first sight."'"[1]

It was then, in all probability this association of Shakspere with Marlowe which caused Greene in "some displeasure" to write those offensive words which Chettle thought it would have been "intolerable" to publish.

γ. We now need have no difficulty in admitting that Marlowe assisted Shakspere further in the development of the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* out of the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, though, as Marlowe died in 1593, the assistance, if given, must have been given in or before that year. But it may be said that the traces of Marlowe's hand are, at any rate, less conspicuous in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* than in the Second, where, at the commencement of Act IV., some very remarkable lines occur, which are not to be found in the *Contention*.

§ 9. To attempt to map out the *True Tragedy*, and assign to each of its actual or possible authors his "several plot" seems to me a hopeless task. If the play were a mosaic consisting of distinct pieces fitted one into another, there would be at least a chance of partial success. But who can hope to deal successfully with passages and even lines written probably by one author and afterwards worked upon and modified by another? With respect to Shakspere the difficulty is increased by the fact that we are dealing with his very early work before his style was fully formed. Even resemblances in thought and language to passages in Shakspere's works may be deceptive; but I will indicate one (in addition to what was said at p. xiv) occurring in a scene which I should be disposed to assign, at any rate in great part, to Shakspere. It is found in Warwick's dying speech (p. 68):—

> "The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud
> Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
> For who liu'd king but I could dig his graue?"

Comparison should be made with Sonnet 77, lines 5, 6:—

> "The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
> Of mouthed graues will giue thee memory."

[1] Miss Lee adds, "Some community of feeling and action may perhaps be inferred from Chettle's remarks in *Kind-Harts Dreame*, which seem to imply that in the matter of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, Shakspere and Marlowe felt anger in common and took action in common: 'because on the dead they cannot be auenged,'" &c. *Trans. N. Shaks. Soc.* 1875-6, p. 273. But Miss Lee does not seem to have detected the particular points to which I have called attention.

§ 10. It may perhaps be worth while to mention the considerable change in spelling which is to be seen when the First Quarto is compared with the Third. In the later edition the spelling is less phonetic, and comes nearer to modern usage. Thus Q1 has (p. 35, line 7 from bottom), "Shall lop thy limmes and slise thy cursed hart"; which becomes in Q3, "Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart." Similarly Q1 (p. 39, line 16) has "grast," which is in Q3 "grac'd"; Q1 (p. 65, line 17) "seduste," Q3 "seduc'd," and so the Folio; Q1 (p. 69, line 18) "bigboond," Q3 "big-bon'd"; Q1 (p. 40, line 11) "doost," Q3 and Folio "dost"; Q1 (p. 31, line 5) "satisfide," Q3 and Folio "satisfied"; Q1 (p. 31, line 8) "long tongde," Q3 and Folio "long-tongu'd"; Q1 (p. 22, line 11) "dasell," Q3 and Folio "dazle"; Q1 (p. 3, line 5) "retrait," Q3 and Folio "retreat"; and many more examples might be given. A word may be appended on "ironious" (Q1, p. 37, line 6), which the Folio changes apparently into "erroneous"; but Q3 gives "ironous," as if the word were derived from "iron" and meant "iron-like," "harsh," a sense which, however, would suit well the words preceding.

A list of variations between the Third Quarto (1619), the First Quarto (1595), and the Folio (mere changes of spelling being usually disregarded), was given by Dr. Furnivall in his Forewords to the Facsimile of the Third Quarto, that is, the Second Part of *The Whole Contention* (1619).

On p. 17 "Sc. iii." is given instead of "Sc. iv." Similarly on pp. 29 and 31 "Sc. v." is given instead of "Sc. vi. and Sc. iii. instead of Sc. vii. at p. 34." Some words are more or less indistinctly printed, as "sonne" (p. 77, line 6 from the bottom), which has nearly lost its ending; "armes" (p. 26, line 14); "shrift" and "shriuer" (p. 46, lines 17, 18); "worthy" (p. 48, line 8 from bottom). The copy of Q1 employed does not appear to have been so well printed as that of Q3. I may add that I am not responsible for the marking of scenes and lines in the margins.

T. T.

The true Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* good King Henrie the Sixt,

with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal.* 1595.

The true Tragedie of Richard Duke *of Yorke, and the good King* Henry the Sixt.

Sc. i. Enter *Richard* Duke of Yorke, The Earle of *Warwicke*, *The Duke of* Norffolke, *Marquis Montague*, *Edward Earle of March*, *Crookeback Richard*, and the yong *Earle of Rutland*, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats 3. Hen. IV I. i.

Warwike.

I Wonder how the king escapt our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
·4 Whereat the great Lord of Northumland, 4†
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him †
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abrest (slain,
·8 Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers 8·9†
Edw. Lord *Staffords* father Duke of *Buckhingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie, †

I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires*
Bloud, whom *I* encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what *I* did.
York, What is your grace dead my L. of *Summerset?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*
Rich. Thus doe *I* hope to shape king *Henries* head.
War. And so do *I* victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *Warwike*, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die,
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night;
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde.
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde whose cowardise
Hath made vs by words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords; for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War.

40 *War.* Neither the king, nor him that loues him best, 45†
The proudest burd that holds vp *Lancaster*. †
Dares stirre a wing if *Warwike* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*; and root him out who dares? 48†
44 Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king *Henrie* the sixt, with the Duke of *Excester*, The Earle of *Northumberland*, the Earle of *Westmerland* and *Clifford*, the Earle of *Cumberland*, with red Roses in their hats.

45 *King* Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits, 50†
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwike* that false peere, 52
48 To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father.
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge.
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends. 56
52 *Northu.* And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me. †
Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe. †
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake. 60†
56 *King.* Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement, 64
60 Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them, 67†

And they haue troopes of ſoldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is ſlaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* hart
To make a ſhambles of the parlement houſe.
Coſen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vſe.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, deſcend my throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine. (*York.*
Exet. For ſhame come downe he made thee D. of
York. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitor to the crowne.
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall king.
War. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
King. And ſhall I ſtande while thou ſitteſt in my throne?
York. Content thy ſelfe it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be king.
Weſt. Why? he is both king & Duke of *Lancaſter*,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall mainetaine.
War. And *Warwike* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chaſte you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No *Warwike* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his ſoule thou and thy houſe ſhall rewit
Weſt. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,

Thy

Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues, 96
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines. 92
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof, †
I send thee *Warwike* such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre. 100
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I skorn thy worthles threats 96 †
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne, †
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field? 104
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne? 100
Thy father was as thou art Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* earle of *March*, †
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the *French*, 108
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their 104
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *France* since thou hast lost it all. †
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I, 112
When I was crownd I was but nine months old. 108
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose, 116
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head, 112
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes, 120
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly. *
York. Peace sonnes: *
Northum. Peace thou and giue king *Henry* leaue to speake. (me? 116
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seekest thou to depose
Are we not both both *Plantagenets* by birth,

* And from two brothers lineallie discent? 118
* Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
† 124 Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate 120
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
† I and our colours often borne in *France*,
128 And now in *England* to our harts great sorrow 124
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it *Henrie* and thou shalt be king?
132 *King*. Why *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the
Crowne. 128
† *York*. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
136 *War*. What then? 132
King. Then am I lawfull king For *Richard*
† The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
140 Whose heire my Father was, and I am his. 136
† *York*. I tell thee he rose against him being his
† Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
† 144 Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne? 144
† *Exet*. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exceter*?
148 *Exet*. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. 148
151 *King*. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Nor-

146 *Northum.* *Plantagenet* for all the claime thou laist, 152
Thinke not king *Henry* shall be thus deposde? †
148 *War.* Deposde he shall be in despight of thee. †
North. Tush *Warwike*, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of 156
Kent that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, †
152 Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence. 160
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
156 Where I do kneele to him that slew my father. †
King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule. †
York, *Henry* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne. 164
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
160 War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
Enter Souldiers.
And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits, 168
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud. †
164 *King.* O *Warwike*, heare me speake. †
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue. †
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires 172
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st. 173
168 *King.* Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will. *
War. Captaine conduct them into *Tutbill* fieldes. *
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your sonne? 176
War. What good is this for *England* and himselfe? †
172 *Northum.* Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs? †

West.

West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Conie cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. *Exit.*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King. Ah *Exeter*?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwike*, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
War. Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Sound Trumpets.
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke* and his sonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And *I*le to *Norffolke* with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. *Exit.*

Enter

Yorke, and Henrie the ſixt.

Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince*.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile ſteale away. †
King. And ſo will *I*. 212†
Queene. Naie ſtaie, or elſe I follow thee. †
King Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile ſtaie. 214†
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man, 215, 231†
Thou haſt vndoone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*. 233†
Art thou a king and wilt be forſt to yeeld? 230†
Had I beene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt 243,4†
Me on their launces points, before I would haue 244,5†
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made 240†
Protector of the land: Sterne *Fauconbridge* 239†
Commands the narrow ſeas. And thinkſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry* 247†
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*. 249,50†
The Northen Lords that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they ſee them ſpred,
And ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace. 252†
Come ſonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone. 255†
King. Staie gentle *Margaret*, and here me ſpeake. 257
Queene. Thou haſt ſpoke too much alreadie, therefore be ſtill. 258† *
King. Gentle ſonne *Edwarde*, wilt thou ſtaie with me? 259†
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit*.
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit*. 262
King. Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the prince 264†

Her

264 Her sonne,
† Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe. 226
† 266 Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
† 272 Come cosen of *Exeter*, staie thou here,
* For *Clifford* and those Northern Lords be gone
* I feare towards *Wakefield*, to disturbe the Duke. 230

I.ii. Sc.ii.

Enter *Edward*, and *Richard*, and *Montague*.

† 1 *Edw.* Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue mee leaue to speake.
† *Rich.* Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.
3 *Mont.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable. 3

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.

† 4 *York.* Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your
* selues? 4
† 8 *Rich.* No father, but a sweete contention, about that
† 9 which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.
† 10 *York.* The crowne boy, why *Henries* yet aliue, 8
† 15 And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till
* His death.
† 16-17 *Edw.* But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne
one yeare. 12
† 20 *Rich.* And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
* Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
* And dispossesse king *Henrie* from the crowne.
* *Yorke* I prethe *Dicke* let me heare thy deuise. 16
† 22 *Rich.* Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment

Being

Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate. 22·3 †
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right, 26 †
20 And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath. x
Then noble father resolue your selfe, 28 †
And once more claime the crowne. 29 †
Yorke I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so. x
24 *I* am resolude to win the crowne, or die. 35 †
Edward, thou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord *Cobham*, 40 †
With vvhom the *Kentishmen* vvill vvillinglie rise: 41
Thou cosen *Montague*, shalt to *Norffolke* straight, 38 †
28 And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers, x
And come to me to *Wakefield* presentlie. x
And *Richard* thou to *London* strait shalt post, 36 †
And bid *Richard Newill* Earle of *Warwike* 37 †
32 To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre, x
To meete me at Saint *Albons* ten daies hence. x
My selfe heere in *Sandall* castell will prouide x
Both men and monie to furder our attempts. x
36 Now, what newes? Enter a Messenger. 48 †
Mes. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thousand men, 49 †
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Nurthumberland and *Westmerland*, and others of the x
40 House of *Lancaster*, are marching towards *Wakefield*. x
To besiedge you in your castell heere. 50 †
Enter sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortimer*
Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Cosen *Monta-* 53·5 †
gue post you hence: and boies staie you with me. 55·6 †

44 Sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortimers* mine vncles, 62

Your

I.ii. Sc.ii.

†63 Your welcome to *Sandall* in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs. 45.
Sir *Iohn*. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete
her in the field
†64 *York*. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle? 48
Rich. I father with fiue hundred for a need,
†68 A womans generall, what should you feare?
†73 *York*. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
†74 In *Normandie*, when as the enimie
†74.5 Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt 52
†75 Of the like successe? I am resolu'd Come lets goe.
†69 *Edw*. Lets marcch awaie, I heare their drums. *Exit*. 55

I.iii. Sc.iii.

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of
Rutland and his Tutor.

* *Tutor*. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
* And flie to *Wakefield* straight.

Enter *Clifford*.

†2 *Rut*. O Tutor, looke where bloudie *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life, 4
†4 As for the brat of that accursed Duke
5 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
†8 *Tutor*. Oh *Clifford* spare this tender Lord, least
* Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life. 8
†7 *Clif*. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
†7 Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplein. .
†10 How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
. Makes him close his eies? Ile open them. 72
†12 *Rut*. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,

And

And ſo he walkes inſulting ouer his praie, 14 †
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limmes in ſunder, †
16 Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword, and 16 †
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke, 17
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath, 19
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue. 20
20 *Clif.* In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy wordes ſhoulde
enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and *Clifford* cope with him. 24
24 *Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould *I* dig vp thy forefathers graues, 27 †
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines, †
28 It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my hart.
The ſight of anie of the houſe of *Yorke*, 30
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till *I* root out that curſed line 32 †
32 And leaue not one on earth, *I* le liue in hell therefore 33 34 †
Rut. Oh let me praie, before *I* take my death.
To thee *I* praie: Sweet *Clifford* pittie me. 36
Clif. *I*, ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affords.
36 *Rut.* *I* neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill †
mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere *I* was borne.
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me, 40
40 Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,

Hee

I.iii. *The Tragedie of Richard D. of* Sc.iii

42 He be as miserablie slaine as *I*. 41
† Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when *I* giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. 44
46·7 *Clif.* No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore
Die.
49 *Plantagenet* I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud 48
52 Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

I.iv. Alarmes, Enter the Duke of *Yorke solus*. Sc.iv.

* *Yorke* Ah *Yorke*, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
* The goale is lost thou house of *Lancaster*,
* Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
* That heauen abridgde my daies and calsme hence, 4
†6 But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes;
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
†8 Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
† Three times this daie came *Richard* to my sight, 8
† And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
† And twise so oft came *Edward* to my view,
†12 With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
†13 In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered. 12
†22 Oh harke, *I* heare the drums? No waie to flie:
†25·6 No waie to saue my life? And heere *I* staie:
26 And heere my life must end. 15

Enter the *Queene*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*,
and souldiers.

Come

16 Come bloudie *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*, 27 †
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud. †
This is the But, and this abides your shot. †
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*. 30 †
20 *Clif.* I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme †
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father, 32 †
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
24 *York.* My ashes like the *Phœnix* maie bring forth †
A bird that will reuenge it on you all, 36 †
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen, †
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with;
28 Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare? †
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer; 40 †
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents; †
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
32 Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe, 44 †
And in thy minde orerun my former time; 45 †
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise, 47
36 Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this. 48 †
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford* for a thousand causes,
40 I would prolong the traitors life a while. 52 †
Wrath makes him death, speake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
44 What valure were it when a curre doth grin, 56
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote a waie?

Tis

†59 Tis wares prise to take all aduantages,
† And ten to one, is no impeach in wares, 48
Fight and take him.
61 *Cliff.* I, I so striues the Woodcocke with the gin,
† *North.* So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
†64 Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatch. 52
† *North.* What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, *Clifford* & *Northumberland*
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
†68 That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme, 56
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
72 And made a preehment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now? 60
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?
† Or where is that valiant *Crookback*? prodegie? •
76 Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheate his Dad in mutinies? 64
† Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
† Looke *Yorke*? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
80 That valiant *Clifford* with his rapiers point,
† Made issue from the bosome of thy boy. 68
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
†84 Alas poore *Yorke*? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state? 72
86 I prethee greeue to make me merrie *Yorke*?
* Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes, •
88 That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death? 76

Thou

77 Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne,
A crowne for *Yorke*? and Lords bow low to him.
80 So: hold you his hands, whilst *I* doe set it on. †
I, now lookes he like a king? 96 †
This is he that tooke king *Henries* chaire, †
And this is he was his adopted aire.
84 But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath, 100 †
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
88 And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie, †
And rob his temples of the Diadem 104
Now in his life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
92 Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead. 108
Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death. †
Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes. †
96 *York.* She wolfe of *France*, but worse than Wolues of *France*:
Whose tongue more poison'd than the Adders tooth 112 †
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
100 Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates? †
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging, 116
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene to make thee blush:
104 To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de, †
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not 120 †
shamelesse.

121 Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman. 108
124 Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
† It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death. 112
† 128 Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
† But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
† Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at. 116
† 132 Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs, 120
136 Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How vv couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall, 124
140 And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
† Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
† Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorceless.
† Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy vvill 128
† 144 Wouldst haue me weepe? vvhy so thou hast thy vvish.
† For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies, 132
† 148 And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
† On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French woman.
† *North.* Beshrevv me but his passions moue me so,
† 151 As hardlie can I cheeke mine eies from teares. 136

York.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia.*
See ruthlesse *Queene* a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud away.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And say alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now *I* reape at thy two cruell hands,
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* maie ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke.*

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be reſolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a lion midſt a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun,
Daſell mine eies or doe I ſee three ſuns?
Rich Three glorious ſuns, not ſeperated by a racking
Cloud, but ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining skie.
See, ſee, they ioine, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowde ſome league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſun,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou? that lookeſt ſo heauilie?
Meſ. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was ſlaine.
Edw. O ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for *I* will heare it all.

Meſ.

29 *Mes.* When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
32 And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
36 The ruthlesse *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
40 Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
44 That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke* our prop to leane vpon.
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
48 Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
52 I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of *Lancaster*.
Richard, I bare thy name, and *I*le reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.
56 *Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
59 Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.

* 58 † + † * 59 † * 61 † 62 † 63 † * * 65 † † † 68 69 † 74 76 † 77·8 † † 80 † I.ii.32 † " 84 † 87 † 88 † † 92

For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?
Enter the Earle of *Warwike*, *Montague*, with drum, ancient, and souldiers.
War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Ah *Warwike*? should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of *Yorke* is slaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwike Warwike*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne *L. Clifford*, done to death.
War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the *King*,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie vvell appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint *Albons* to entercept the *Queene*,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king *Henries* heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,

Our

88 Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought. 121
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike *Queene*, †
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene. 124
92 Or whether twas report of his successe, †
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death, †
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth, 128 †
96 Their weapons like to lightnings went and came †
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile, †
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends. 132 †
100 I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause, †
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight, †
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie, 136 †
104 So that We fled. The king vnto the *Queene*,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140
108 Making another head to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwike*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power? 142 †
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
112 *War.* Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power. 144 †
But as for your brother he was latelie sent †
From your kind Aunt, Duches of *Burgundie*, †
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.
116 *Rich.* Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwike* fled. 148
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute, †
But nere till now thy scandall of retire. †

War.

151 *War.* Nor now my scandall *Richard* dost thou heare,
† For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine, 120
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
156 As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier. 124
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwike* blame me not,
† Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done:
160 Shall we go throw away our coates of steele, 128
† And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
164 Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes? 132
If for the last, saie *I*, and to it Lords.
† *War.* Why therefore *Warwike* came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.
168 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene, 136
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feathermanie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
172 He sware consent to your succession, 140
His oath inrolled in the Parliament,
† But now to London all the crew are gone,
† To frustrate his oath or what besides
176 May make against the house of *Lancaster*. 144
† Their power *I* gesse them fifty thousand strong.
178 Now if the helpe of *Norffolke* and my selfe,
†181 Can but amount to 48. thousand,
179 With all the friendes that thou braue earle of *March*, 148
†180 Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,

Why

Why via, To London will we march amaine, 182 †
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,
152 And once againe crie charge vpon the foe, 184 †
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwike* speake:
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
156 That cries retire, when *Warwike* bids him stay. 188 †
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must *Edward* fall: †
Which perill heauen forefend.
160 *War.* No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*, 192
The next degree, is Englands royall king: †
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde, †
In euery burrough as we passe along:
164 And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie, 196 †
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head. †
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
168 But forward to effect these resolutions. 200 †

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of *Norffolke* sends you word by me, 206
The *Queene* is comming with a puissant power, †
And craues your companie for speedie councell.
172 *War.* Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march a- 209 †
way. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the *King* and *Queene*, Prince *Edward*, and
the Northerne Earles, with drum
and Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of *York*.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie, †
8 That sought to be impaled with your crowne. 8 †.

Doth

Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.
Clif My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie muſt be laid aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle looke
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoiles his young before his face.
Whoſe ſcapes the lurking ſerpentes mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a king,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing ſire.
Thou being a king bleſt with a goodlie ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argude thee a moſt vnnaturall father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their neſt,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,

Should

ſhould loſe his birth right through his fathers fault? 35 †
And long hereafter ſaie vnto his child,
86 What my great grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face, 39-40
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all, 40-1 †
40 Steele thy melting thoughtes, 41 †
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him. †
King. Full wel hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force. 44
44 But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell, †
That things euill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happie euer was it for that ſonne, †
Whoſe father for his hoording went to hell. 48
48 I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deedes behind, †
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe, 52 †
52 Then maie the preſent profit counteruaile. †
Ah coſen *Yorke*, would thy beſt friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there. †
Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint. 56-7 †
56 You promiſde knighthood to your princelie ſonne. †
Vnſheath your ſword and ſtraight doe dub him knight. †
Kneele downe *Edward.* 60 †
King. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a knight,
60 And learne this leſſon boy, draw thy ſword in right. †
Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne, 64
68 And in that quarrel vſe it to the death.

Northum.

Northum. Why that is ſpoken like a toward prince.
Enter a Meſſenger
Meſ. Royall commaunders be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fiftie thouſand men,
Comes *Warwike* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*.
And in the townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him.
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.
Clif. I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.
Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.
Clif. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince, Good father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet father crie Saint *George*.
Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.
Enter the houſe of *Yorke*.
Edward Now periurde *Henrie* vwilt thou yeelde thy crovvne,
And kneele for mercie at thy ſoueraignes feete?
Queen. Go rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus male pert,
Before thy king and lawfull ſoueraigne?
Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.
George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſon in.

Clif.

Clif. And reason *George*. Who should succeede the father but the son?
Rich. Are you their butcher?
Clif. I *Crookbacke*, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfide.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.
War. What saiest thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War*. dare you speake?
When you and *I* met at saint *Albones* last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.
War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue mee thence.
Northum. No nor your manhood *Warwike*, that could make you staie.
Rich. *Northumberland*, *Northumberland*, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou *Henry*, shall *I* haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwike* saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of *France*,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he macht according to his state,

He

146 He might haue kept that glorie till this daie. 153
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
148 And graeft thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him 156 †
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France, †
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home. †
152 For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride? †
Hadst thou beene mecke, our title yet had slept? 160 †
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
156 *George*. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine, †
And that the harueft brought vs no increase, 164 †
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues, †
160 Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike, †
Till we haue hewne thee downe, 168 †
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
164 Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou denieft the gentle king to speake. 172
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.
168 *Quee*. Staie *Edward* staie. †
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie, †
170 Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie. 177 †
Exeunt Omnes. Alarmes.

Sc.vii. Enter *Warwike*. II.iii.

War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the race, †
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
8 For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide, 8

Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinnews of their ſtrength,
And force perforce needes muſt *I* reſt my ſelfe.

Enter *Edward.*

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnleſſe we gaine the daie:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of *Yorkes* true houſe?

Enter *George.*

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Leſt they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good

Enter *Richard* running.

Rich. Ah *Warwike*, why haſte thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt thronges,
Cride ſtill for *Warwike* his thriſe valiant ſon,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And manie wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottering ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waft his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride *Warwike* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe becauſe I will not flie:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, Idoe bend my knees with thine,

And

And in that vow now ioine my ſoule to thee, 34†
Thou ſetter vp and puller downe of kings, 37†
vouchſafe a gentle victorie to vs, *
Or let vs die before we looſe the daie: *
George. Then let vs haſte to cheere the ſouldiers harts, 49†
And call them pillers that will ſtand to vs, 51
And hiely promiſe to remunerate 52†
Their truſtie ſeruice, in theſe dangerous warres. *
Rich. Come, come awaie, and ſtand not to debate, *
For yet is hope of fortune good enough. 55†
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part 44†
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe, 42†
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth. 48
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo, 46†
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo. *
Warwike farewel. *
War. Awaie awaie, once more ſweet Lords farewell. 48

Exeunt Omnes.

Sc.viii. Alarmes, and then enter *Richard* at one dore and *Clifford* at the other. II.iv.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford*. *
Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard*. *
Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death, 7-8†
This thirſty ſword that longs to drinke thy bloud, 2†
Shall lop thy limmes, and ſlile thy curſed hart, *
For to reuenge the murders thou haſt made. 8†
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone, 5
This is the hand that ſtabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes, 8†
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy ſire and brother,

To execute the like vpon thy selfe, 12
11 And so haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters *Warwike* and rescues *Richard* & then *exeunt omnes.*

II.v. Alarmes still, and then enter *Henry solus.* Sc.

* *Hen.* Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs
* And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
†4 How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
†1 This woful battaile doth continue still, 4
†5-7 Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
* And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
* O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
* Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king, 8
†16-17 *Margret* and *Clifford*, chide me from the fielde,
† Swearing they had best successe when *I* was thence.
†19 Would God that I were dead so all were well,
* Or would my crowne suffice, I were content 12
* To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

55 *Sould* Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
† This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
† Maie be possessed of some store of crownes, 16
†58 And I will search to find them if I can,
†61 But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
† Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
†64 From London was I prest out by the king, 20
†65-6 My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
† And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
†69 Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
70 And pardon father, for I knew thee not. 24

Enter, an other souldier with a dead man.

2. Sould.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

2 *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that *I* haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.
King Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.
1 *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
2 *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
King How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.
1 *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?
2 *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?
King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?
1 *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.
Exit with his father.
2 *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For *I* haue murdered where I should not kill.
Exit with his sonne.

II.v. *The Tragedie of Richard D. of* Sc.ix

† 123 *K Hen.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare, 54
† 124 Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the *Queene.*

† 127-8 *Queen.* Awaie my Lord to *Barwicke* presentlie, 56
* The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
† 133 No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince *Edward.*

† 125 *Prince.* Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
* (126) Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues. 60

Enter *Exeter.*

† 134 *Exet.* Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with
† Nay stand not to expostulate make haste, (him:
† 136 Or else come after, Ile awaie before.
† 137 *K Hen.* Naie staie good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee. 64

II.vi. Enter *Clifford* wounded, with an arrow in his necke. Sc.x.

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
† 2 That whilst it lasted gaue king *Henry* light.
† Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
† 4 More then my bodies parting from my soule. 4
My loue and feare glude manie friendes to thee,
† And now *I* die, that tough commixture melts.
† Impairing *Henry* strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
8 The common people swarme like summer flies, 8
† And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun? •
And who shines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus* hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
12 That *Phaeton* should checke thy fierie steedes, 12
† Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
† And *Henry* hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
† And as thy father and his father did,

Gi-

c.X.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Giuing no foot vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and cureless are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands *I* haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint.
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwike* and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter *Edward*, *Richard* and *Warwike*, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are graft with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwike* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?
Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.
Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,

†47-8 Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*, 44
†49-51 And ſtabd our princelie father Duke of *Yorke*.
52 *War*. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there.
† Insteed of that, let his ſupplie the roome. 48
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
56 *Edw*. Bring forth that fatall skrichowle to
our houſe,
†59 That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
†58-9 Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake. 52
60 *War*. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
† Say *Clifford*, dooſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſaie. 56
64 *Rich*. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
† And tis his policie that in the time of death,
† He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
† In his houre of death did giue vnto our father. 60
†68 *George*. *Richard* if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. *Clifford* deuiſe excuſes for thy fault. 64
†72 *George*. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
† *Rich*. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
† *Edw*. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
George. Where is captaine *Margaret* to fence you now? 68
78 *War*. They mocke thee *Clifford* ſweare as thou waſt wont.
† *Rich*. What not an oth? Nay, then *I* know hees dead,
Tis

Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath. 77-8 †
72 By this I know hees dead, and by my soule, †
Would this right hand buy but an howres life, 80 †
That I in all contempt might raile at him. †
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud, †
76 Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst, †
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie. 84
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head, †
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
80 And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull king. 88 †
From thence shall *Warwike* crosse the seas to *France*, †
And aske the ladie *Bona* for thy *Queene*,
84 So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,
And hauing *France* thy friend thou needst not dread, 92 †
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, †
88 Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares. †
First Ile see the coronation done, 96 †
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to *France*, †
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord. †
92 *Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good *Warwike* let it be. 99 †
But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe. 104 †
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*, and girt thee with the sword. 108-4 †
Our younger brother *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*. *
96 *Warwike* as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best. 108 †
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*, 104-5 †
For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous. 106
War. Tush thats a childish obseruation. 108 †
100 *Richard* be Duke of *Gloster*. Now to London.

To

To see these honors in possession. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king *Henrie* disguisde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, here is a deere, his skin is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king *Edward* hath deposde.
Hen. My *Queene* and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding *Warwike*,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie *Bona*,
If this be true, poore *Queene* and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a prince soone wun with words,
And *Warwike* is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

Keeper

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, *K. Edward* hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter king *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, *Montague*, *Hastings*, and the Lady *Grey*.

K Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
This ladies husband heere sir *Richard* Grey,
At the battaile of saint *Albones* did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conquerot.
Her sute is now to reposseſſe those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.
Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.
K Edw I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.
Glo. I, is the wind in that doore?
Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.
Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K Edw.

†16-17 *K Ed.* Widow come some other time to know our mind.
† *La.* May it please your grace *I* cannot brooke delaies, 16
†19 I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
†38 *K Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.
†34 *Cla.* I, good leaue haue you.
† *Glo.* For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue, 20
†35 And leaue you to your crouch.
†26 *K Ed.* Come hither widdow, howe many children haste thou?
†27 *Cla.* I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two. 24
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
†30 *Glo.* You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.
† *K Ed.* Were it not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
†32 *La.* Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them. 28
†42 *K Edw.* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
† *K Ed* What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?
†45-49 *La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command. 32
†21 *Glo.* Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
† Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
†23 Commands. Fight close or in good faith
† You catch a clap. 36
†24 *Cla.* Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
†25 *Glo.* Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage
* then.
†52 *La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king. 40
54 *La.* Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

K Edw.

42 *K Ed.* Why then thy husbandes landes *I* freelie giue thee. 56 †
La. I take my leaue with manie thouſand thankes.
44 *Cla.* The match is made, ſhee ſeales it with a curſie.
K Ed Staie widdow ſtaie, what loue doſt thou thinke 58-61 †
I ſue ſo much to get? 61
La. My humble ſeruice, ſuch as ſubiects owes and 62 †
the la wes commands. *
48 *K Ed.* No by my troth, I meant no ſuch loue, 64 †
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee. 69 †
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie †
in priſon.
K Edw. Why then thou canſt not get thy husbandes †
lands.
52 *La.* Then mine honeſtie ſhall be my dower, 72 †
For by that loſſe I will not purchaſe them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongſt thy children mightilie. †
La. Heerein your highneſſe wrongs both them and
56 Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination 76
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe of my ſute. †
Pleaſe it your highnes to diſmiſſe me either with *I* or no. †
K Ed I, if thou ſaie *I* to my requeſt, †
60 No, if thou ſaie no to my demand. 80 †
La. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhee bends the brow. †
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in chriſtendome. †
64 *K Ed* Her lookes are all repleat with maieſtie, 84 †
One waie or other ſhe is for a king, 87
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my *Queene*.
Saie that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*. †
68 *La.* Tis better ſaid then done, my gratious Lord, 90

I

91 *I* am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
† *K Edw.* Sweet widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, *I* ſpeake
†94 No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
†97 *I* know *I* am too bad to be your *Queene*,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow I did meane my *Queene*.
†100 *La.* Your grace would be loath my ſonnes ſhould call
you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou haſt ſome children.
And by Gods mother *I* being but a bacheler
104 Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
† To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtlie father now hath done his ſhrift.
108 *Cla.* When he was made a ſhriuer twas for ſhift.
† *K Edw.* Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
† And *I* haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
111 If *I* ſhould marrie her.
† *Cla.* Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the leaſt.
†114 *Cla.* Why thats a daie longer then a wonder laſtes.
† *Glo.* And ſo much more are the wonders in extreames.
† *K Edw.* Well, ieaſt on brothers, *I* can tell you, his
117 Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

† *Meſ.* And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken,

69
72
76
80
84
88
92
96

98 Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates. †
K Edw. Awaie with him and send him to the Tower, 120 †
100 And let vs go question with the man about †
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this †
Ladie honorablie. *Exeunt Omnes.* 123 †
Manet Gloster and speakes.
Glost. I, *Edward* will vse women honourablie, 124
104 Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might suceeed †
To hinder me from the golden time *I* looke for, 128 †
For *I* am not yet lookt on in the world. *
108 First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry* 130 †
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue †
Of their loines ere *I* can plant my selfe, 132 †
A cold premeditation for my purpose, 133
112 What other pleasure is there in the world beside? 147 †
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments, 149 †
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap, 146 †
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes. 150
116 Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought! 151 †
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe. 153 †
And for *I* should not deale in hir affaires, †
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh, 155 †
120 And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe, 157 †
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie, 158
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe. 156 †
To make my legges of an vnequall size, 159 †
124 And am *I* then a man to be belou'd? 163
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes. 179 †
Tut *I* can smile, and murder when *I* smile, 182 †
127 *I* crie content, to that that greeues me most. †

I

3 Hen.vi. III.ii. — *The Tragedie of Richard D. of* — Sc.x

191 *I* can adde colours to the Camelion,
† And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,
† And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.
† Can *I* doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
†195 Tush were it ten times higher, *I*le pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter king *Lewis* and the ladie *Bona*, and *Queene Margaret*, *Prince Edward*, and *Oxford* and others.

3. Hen.vi. III.iii. — Sc.x

†1 *Lewes*. Welcome *Queene* Margaret to the Court of *France*,
†3 *It* fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand.
†2.10 Sit by my side, and here *I* vow to thee,
* Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
* And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.
* And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
* *Queen*. *I* humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
* And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
* Great king of *France*, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter *Warwike*.

* *Lew*. How now, who is this?
†45 *Queen*. Our Earle of *Warwike* Edwardes chiefest friend.
46 *Lew*. Welcome braue *Warwike*, what brings thee to *France*?
†49 *War*. From worthy Edward king of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend.
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
52 First to do greetings to thy royall person.
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
56 That vertuous ladie *Bona* thy faire sister,

To

21 To Englands king in lawfull marriage. 57
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done. †
War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe.
24 I am commanded with your loue and fauour, 60†
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
28 Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues. 64†
Queen. King *Lewes* and Lady *Bona* heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwike* or his words, 66†
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs. *
32 *War.* Iniurious *Margaret.* 78
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene. 80
36 *Ox.* Then *Warwike* disanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*, †
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt* wise *Henry* the fourth, †
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world. 84†
40 And after this wise prince *Henry* the fift, †
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*, †
From these our *Henries* lineallie discent. †
War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this smooth discourse 88†
44 You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost †
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten. †
Me thinkes these peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree 92
48 Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwike*, canst thou denie thy king, †
51 Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres 96†

†97 And bewray thy treasons with a blush? 52
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
100 For shame leaue *Henry* and call *Edward* king.
† *Oxf.* Call him my king by whom mine elder 56
Brother the Lord *Aubrey Vere* was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
104 Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
† When age did call him to the dore of death? 60
† No *Warwike* no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.
108 *War.* And I the house of *Yorke*.
K Lewes. Queene *Margaret*, prince *Edward* and 64
† *Oxford*, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
†111 Till I doe talke a word with *Warwike*.
†113 Now *Warwike* euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
† *Is Edward* lawfull king or no? 68
† For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.
†116 *War.* Thereon *I* pawne mine honour and my credit.
† *Lew.* What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
†118 *War.* The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate. 72
†120 *Lew.* What is his loue to our sister *Bona*?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare, 76
124 That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine, 80
128 Vnlesse the ladie *Bona* quite his paine.
† *Law.* Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.

Bona

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine, 180
But ere this daie *I* must confesse, when I †
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire. †
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret* and be a 184-188 †
Witnesse, that *Bona* shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the English king. 190 †
War. *Henry* now liues in *Scotland* at his ease, 191
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state, †
And better were to trouble him then *France.* 195 †
Sound for a post within.
Lew. Here comes some post *Warwike* to thee or vs. 192 †
Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you, †
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague.*
This from our king vnto your Maiestie. 195 †
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not. †
Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when *Warwike* frets as his. 198 †
P.Ed. And marke how *Lewes* stamps as he were nettled. 199 †
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwike*, what are your news? 171 †
Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie. †
War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie *Gray*, 174 †
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers? 175-6 †
How dares he presume to vse vs thus? 178 †
Quee. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwikes* honesty. 180
War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope *I* haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of *Edwards.* 188

184 No more my king, for he dishonours me, 113
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimelie to his death? 116
188 Did I let passe the abuse done to my neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
†190 And thrust king *Henry* from his natiue home,
* (191) And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus? 120
† 196 My gratious *Queene* pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
† I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state. 124
† 199 *Queen.* Yes *Warwike* I doe quite forget thy former
†200-1 Faults, if now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs 128
204 With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
207 Tis not his new made bride shall succour him. 132
†219 *Lew.* Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
†220-2 You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers 136
225 To reuell it with him and his new bride.
†227 *Bona.* Tell him in hope he'le be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
† *Queen.* Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside, 140
230 And I am readie to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him ere'be long. 148

Thears

144 Theas thy reward, begone. 288
Lew. But now tell me *Warwike*, what assurance 288, 289 †
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie? 289 †
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
148 If that our Qeeene and this young prince agree, †
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes. 248 †
Queen. With all my hart, that match *I* like full wel, (244) *
152 Loue her sonne *Edward*, shee is faire and yong, 245 †
And giue thy hand to *Warwike* for thy loue. 246 †
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare, *
To leuie souldiers for to go with you. 251 †
156 And you Lord *Bourbon* our high Admirall, †
Shall wast them safelie to the English coast, †
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance, †
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*. †
160 *War.* *I* came from *Edward* as *I* mbassadour 256
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
164 Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And *I*le be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
168 Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie, 264
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter king *Edward*, the *Queene* and *Clarence*, and *Glofter* and *Montague* and *Hastings*, and *Penbrooke*, with souldiers.

Edw. Brothers of *Clarence* and of *Glocester*, 9 †
2 What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie *Gray*? 1-2 †

†11 *Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwike* and *Levves*
† That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take 4.
†13 No offence at this suddaine marriage.
† *Edw.* Suppose they doe, they are but *Levves* and
†15-16 *Warwike*, and I am your king and *Warwikes*, •
† And will be obaied. 8
†17 *Glo.* And shall, because our king, but yet such
† Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
† *Edw.* Yea brother *Richard* are you against vs too?
†20-1 *Glo.* Not *I* my Lord, no, God forefend that I should 12
* Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure, (ther.
†22-3 I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togi- •
† *Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
† Shew me some reasons why the Ladie *Gray*, 16
†26 Maie not be my loue and Englands *Queene?*
†28 Speake freelie *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
†27 *Montague* and *Hastings*.
†29 *Cla.* My Lord then this is my opinion, 20
†32-3 That *Warwike* beeing dishonored in his embassage,
* Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.
†29 *Glo.* And *Levves* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
* (30) Doth ioine with *Warwike* to supplant your state. 24
†34 *Edw.* Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwike* be appeasd,
† By such meanes as I can best deuise.
†36 *Mont.* But yet to haue ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our 28
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
†40 *Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,
* We need not France nor any alliance with them. 32
†47 *Cla.* For this one speech the Lord *Hastings* wel deserues, •

To

To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford.* 48†
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so? 49-50†
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales* 52†
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the 56†
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your 57-8†
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in 58†
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood. 56†
Edw. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife, 59
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one. 60†
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe, 60†
That you shall giue me leaue to make my 62†
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent, 64†
I shortlie meane to leaue you. 64†
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd, †
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils. 66†
Queen. My Lords doe me but right and you must 67-69†
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance 67†
My state to title of a Queene, 68
That I was not ignoble in my birth. 70†
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes, 75†
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie, 78-9†
And if they looke for fauour at my hands. (France, 80†
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from 84-5†
Enter a Messenger.
Edw. Now sirra, What letters or what newes? 84†
Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes as without 86-7†
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate. 87-8†
Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst 89-90†
Tell me, What said *Lewis* to our letters? †
Mes. At my departure these were his verie words. 92†

Go tell false *Edward* thy supposed king, 64
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to these wrongs? 68
Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdow-
er shortly, *Ile* weare the willow garland for his sake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide *Henries* Queene, for as 72
I heare, she was then in place?
Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*. 76
But what said *Warwike* to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him ere't be long. 80
Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is *Warwike* friendes with *Margaret*?
Mes. I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship, 84
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwikes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and *Warwike*
Follow me. *Exit Clarence* and *Summerset*. 88
Edw. Clarence and *Summerset* fled to *Warwike*.
What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?
Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you For why hath Nature 92
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if

c. xiv. *The Tragedie of Richard D. of* IV. i.

I would, *I* cannot runne awaie. *
Edw. *Penbrooke*, go raise an armie presentlie, 180-1 †
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night *
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne, *
Ile march to meet proud *Warwike* ere he land 149 †
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France. *
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Hastings*, 134 †
You of all the rest are neerest allied †
In bloud to *Warwike*, therefore tell me, if †
You fauour him more then me or not: 137 †
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open < 188 †
Enemies, then hollow friends. 139 †
Monta. So God helpe *Montague* as he proues true. < 148 †
Hast. And *Hastings* as hee fauours *Edwards* cause. 144
Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie. *

Exeunt Omnes.

c. xv. Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with souldiers, IV. ii.

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well, 1 †
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Sommerset* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends? 4
Cla. Feare not that my Lord. 4
War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwike*.
And welcome *Summerset*, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart, 8
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue, 8
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet *Clarence* my daughter shal be thine. 12
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carelesse encampt,

His

His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
Then crie king *Henry* with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For *Warwike* and his friends God and saint *George*.
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *Warwike*, a *Warwike*.
Alarmes, and *Glester* and *Hastings* flies.
Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke
War. *Richard* and *Hastings*. let them go, heere is the
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwike* when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?
War. I, but the ease is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then *I* disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.
Edw. Well *Warwike*, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in mind will beare himselfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henry* now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* & his followers,

Ile

45 Ile come and tell thee what the ladie *Bona* saies, 55-58†
And so for a while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*. 57†
• *Exeunt* some with *Edward*.
Cla. What followes now all hithertoo goes well, 60†
48 But we must dispatch some letters to *France*, *
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune, *
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs. *
War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe, 62
52 And free king *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne, 64†
• Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares *
55 Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares. *

IV.v.

XVI. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter *Gloster*, *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanly*
Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanly*, †
Know that the cause *I* sent for you is this. 2†
I looke my brother with a slender traine, 4†
4 Should come a hunting in this forrest heere 8†
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much, 5†
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase. *
Now I haue priuilie sent him word, 9†
8 How *I* am come with you to rescue him. (18)*
And see where the huntsman and he doth come. *
Enter *Edward* and a Huntsman.
Huntsf This waie my Lord the deere is gone. 14†
Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the †
12 Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest, 16†
What, are you prouided to depart? *
Glo. *I*, *I*, the horse stands at the parke corner, 19†
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into *Flanders*. 20, 1†
16 *Edw.* Come then: *Hastings*, and *Stanlie*, *I* will 16, 28†

Re-

3 Hen.VI. IV.v. — Sc.xvi

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

†28 Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
28 Sheeld thee from *Warwikes* frowne,
29 And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
†25 Now huntsman what will you doe?
* *Hunts* Marrie my Lord, I thinke *I* had as good
†26 Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
†27 *Edw*: Come then lets awaie with speed. 28

Exeunt Omnes.

IV.iv. — Sc.xv

Enter the *Queene* and the Lord *Riuers*.

†1 *Riuers*. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
* So passionate of late?
†2 *Queen*. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes,
† Of that successe king *Edward* had of late? 4
4 *Riu* What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwike*,
* Tush, feare not faire *Queen*, but cast those cares aside.
* King *Edwards* noble mind his honours doth display:
†15 And *Warwike* maie loose, though then he got the day. 8
* *Queen*. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
* But greater troubles will I feare befall.
†7 *Riu*. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe.
†5 To the danger of his royall person then? 12
†9 *Queen*. I, thears my griefe, king *Edward* is surprisde,
†11 And led awaie, as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.
†13 *Riu*. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
†14 Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends, 16
* Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue,
* That some will set him in his throne againe.
* *Queen*. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
* And let me leane vpon thine arme a while, 20
†31 Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
* There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,

c xvii *Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.*

23 K. *Edwards* seed true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.* 24†

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Hastings* with a troope of Hollanders.

xviii *Edw.* Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas, 5†
And marcht from *Ramspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*: 8†
But soft the gates are shut, *I* like not this. 10†
4 *Rich.* Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals. 16†

Enter the Lord Maire of *Yorke* vpon the wals.

5 *Mair.* My Lords we had notice of your comming, 17†
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde, *
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne. 18†
8 *Henry* now is king, and we are sworne to him. †
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if *Henry* be your king, †
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*. †
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse. †
12 *Edw* I craue nothing but my Dukedome. 28†
Rich. But when the *Fox* hath gotten in his head, 28†
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after. †
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points? †
16 Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends. 28
Mair. Saie you so, then *Ile* open them presentlie. †

Exit Maire.

18 *Ri.* By my faith a wise stout captain & soone perswaded, 30†

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

19 *Edw.* So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut, 35†
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies; 36-7†
What, feare not man for *Edward* will defend †
22 the towne and you, despight of all your foes. 39†

Enter sir *Iohn Mountgomery* with drumme and souldiers.

How

How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir *Iohn Mountgommery*, 24
A trustie friend vnlesse *I* be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe. 28
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom,
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel: Drum strike vp and let vs 32
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe, 36
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title? 40
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. *I* am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life. 44
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England 48
and *France*, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies king *Edwards* right: by this *I* challenge him to single fight, long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth. 52
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.

For

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

For this night weele harbour here in *Yorke*, 79†
And then as earlie as the morning sunne, 80†
Lifes vp his beames aboue this horison †
Weele march to London, to meete with *VVarwike*; 82-88†
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne. *
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *VVarwike* and *Clarence*, with the Crowne, and then king *Henry*, and *Oxford*, and *Summerset*, and the yong Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat, 2†
By Gods great mercies am *I* brought 7†
Againe, *Clarence* and *VVarwike* doe you 88†
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect 87, 41†
My realme in peace, and I will spend the 42†
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke 43-4†
And my Creators praise. 44
VVar. What answeres *Clarence* to his soueraignes will? 45
Cla. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes. *
King. My Lord of *Summerset*, what prettie 65†
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of? 66†
Som. And it please your grace, it is yong *Henry*, 67†
Earle of *Richmond*. †
King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretie Ladde. 68†
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright †
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy, †
Shalt proue this Countries blisse, 70†
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne, 72†
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie, 77†
Make much of him my Lords, 75

For

For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

IV.viii.

Enter one with a letter to *Warwike*.

War. What Counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie Germaines and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, (London,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In *Warwike* shire I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence* shalt
In *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leister* shire,
Buckingham and *Northampton* shire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.
King. Farewel my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Edward* and his traine.

Edw. Seaze on the shamefast *Henry*,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,

Sc.x

Awaie

c. XX.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake. 58 †
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course 1
To meet with *Warwike* and his confederates. 60 1

Exeunt Omnes.

c. XXi. V. i.

Enter *Warwike* on the walles,

War. Where is the post that came from valiant *Oxford?* 2
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow? 6,3 †
Oxf post. By this at *Daintrie* marching hitherward. 4 †
War. Where is our brother *Montague?* 5
Where is the post that came from *Montague?* 3, 6 †
Post. I left him at *Dousmore* with his troopes. 7 †
War. Say *Summerfield* where is my louing son? 8 †
And by thy gesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence? †
Sommer. At *Southham* my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence. 11
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum. 17 †
Enter *Edward* and his power.
Glo. See brother, where the surly *Warwike* mans the wal. †
War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come 20 †
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste, †
That we could haue no newes of their repaire? 28-4 †
Edw. Now *Warwike* wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults, †
And call *Edward* king and he will pardon thee. †
War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe? †
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe? 28
Call *Warwike* patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke.* †
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king. 84 †
Or did he make the iest against his will.
War. Twas *Warwike* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwikes* gift.

†86 *War.* I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight 26
And weakling, *Warwike* takes his gift againe,
† *Henry* is my king, *Warwike* his subiect. 28
†40 *Edw.* I prethe gallant *Warwike* tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
† *Glo.* Alasse that *Warwike* had no more foresight,
† But whilst he sought to steale the single ten, 32
†44 The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
† You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
47 *Edw.* Tis euen so, and yet you are olde *Warwike* still. 36
58 *War.* O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.
Enter *Oxford* with drum and souldiers & al crie,
59 *Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaster.* *Exit.*
†60 *Edw.* The Gates are open, see they enter in,
†63 Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes. 40
†67 *Glo.* No, so some other might ser vpon our backes,
†65 Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.
Enter *Summerset* with drum and souldiers.
72 *Sum.* *Summerset, Summerset,* for *Lancaster.* *Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset, 44
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
†75 And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.
Enter *Montague* with drum and souldiers.
67 *Mont.* *Montague, Montague,* for Lancaster. *Exit.*
† *Edw.* Traitorous *Montague*, thou and thy brother 48
†68 Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.
Enter *Clarence* with drum and souldiers.
70 *War.* And loe where *George* of *Clarence* sweepes
†77 Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
* *Cla.* Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster.* 52

Edw.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too? *
A parlie sirra to *George* of Clarence *
Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at *Warwike*.
War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if *Warwike* call. 80
Cla. Father of *Warwike*, know you what this meanes? 81
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither, 84
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou †
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall, †
To lift his sword against his brothers life, 87-8 †
And so proud hearted *Warwike* I defie thee, 98
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes? †
Pardon me *Edward*, for *I* haue done amisse, 100 †
And *Richard* doe not frowne vpon me, †
For heneeforth I will proue no more vnconstant. †
Edw. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome, †
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate. 104
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherlie. †
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Edw. Now *Warwike*, wilt thou leaue †
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares? } 107-8
War. Why *I* am not coopt vppe heere for defence. 109 †
I will awaie to Barnet presently, †
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest. †
Edw. Yes *Warwike* he dares, and leades the waie, 112 †
Lords to the field, saint *George* and victorie. 118

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter *Warwike* wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe, 1
And tell me who is victor *Yorke* or *Warwike*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth. 4
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept. 8
Whose top branch ouerpeerd *Ioues* spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king but *I* could dig his graue? 12
And who durst smile, when *Warwike* bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes my walkes, my mannors that *I* had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands, 16
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter *Oxford* and *Summerset*.

Oxf. Ah *Warwike*, *Warwike*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *France*. 20
And at *South-hampton* landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods, 24
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last, 28
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie

And

And saie, commend me to my valiant brother, 42†
And more he would haue spoke and more he said. †
82 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault, 44
That could not be distinguisht for the sound, 45†
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost. II.iii.22†
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?. 27†
86 And liue we how we can, yet die we must. 28
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues, 48
For *Warwike* bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen. 49
He dies.
Oxf Come noble *Summerset*, lets take our horse, *
40 And cause retrait be sounded through the campe, *
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue, *
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight. *
That done, with them weele post vnto the *Queene*, 50†
44 And once more trie our fortune in the field *Ex. ambo.* *

xxiii. Enter *Edward, Clarence, Gloster*, with souldiers. V.iii.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie, †
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies. 2†
The bigboond traytor *Warwike* hath breathde his last, *
4 And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all, *
But in this cleere and brightsome daie, 3†
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare 4†
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
8 Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames, †
I mean those powers which the *Queen* hath got in *Frãce* †
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs. 9†
Glo. Oxford and *Summerset* are fled to hir, 15†
12 And tis likelie if she haue time to breath, †
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends, 18

That they doe hold their course towards *Tewxburie*.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie
And in euerie countie as we passe along
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie. Ex. *Omnes*.

Enter the *Queene*, *Prince Edward Oxford* and *Summerset*, with drum and souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to *England* my louing friends of *France*,
And welcome *Summerset*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And *Warwike* as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And *Ned* and *I* as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,

And

And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall 51
24 Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy 52†
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee, †
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories. 54†
28 *Sum.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight, †
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie 56†
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise. †

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mighty power, 60†
32 Is marching hitherwards to fight with you. †
Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided, 62-3†
But here will we stand and fight it to the death. 66†

Enter king *Edward*, *Cla. Glo. Hast.* and Souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood, 67†
36 Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse, †
Shall with our swords yet might be cleane cut downe. 69†
Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what *I* should say, 78
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, *I* drinke †
40 The water of mine eies. Then no more †
But this. *Henry* your king is prisoner 76-7†
In the tower, his land and all our friends *
Are quite distreft, and yonder standes 80†
44 The Wolfe that makes all this, 80†
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint *George*. 87†
46 *All.* Saint *George* for *Lancaster*. *

Alarmes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be
• discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla* & *Glo.* & the rest, V.v.
• & make a great shout and crie, for *Yorke*, for *Yorke*, and
• then the *Queene* is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf.* & *Sum.*
and then found and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with Oxford to *Hames* castell straight,
For *Summerset* off with his guiltie head.
Away I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
Exit Oxford.
Som. Nor *I*, but stoope with patience to my death.
Exit Som.
Edw. Now *Edward* what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where *I* stand kneele thou,
Whilst *I* propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from *Lancaster*.
Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat *I* le plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this skolding Crookbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or *I* will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vnturtard lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. *I* know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periurd *George*,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.

Edw.

76 *Edw.* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere. 38 †
Queen. Oh kill me too. 41
Glo. Marrie and shall. (much alreadie.
Edw. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue doone too †
80 *Glo.* Why should she liue to fill the world with words? 44
Edw. What doth she swound? make meanes for †
Her recouerie?
Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter, †
84 Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes. 48 †
Cla. About what, pre the tell me? †
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out 50 †
Exit Gloster.
Queen. Ah *Ned*, speake to thy mother boy? ah †
88 Thou canst not speake. †
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides, 52 †
They that stabd *Caesar* shed no bloud at all, 53
For he was a man, this in respect a childe, 56 †
92 And men nere spend their furie on a child,
Whats worse then tyrant that *I* maie name, 58 †
You haue no children Deuils, if you had, 68 †
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage, †
96 But if you euer hope to haue a sonne, †
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off, 66
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince. †
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence. 68 †
100 *Queen.* Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
*I*le pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not? 71 †
Then *Clarence*, doe thou doe it? †
104 *Cla.* By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease. 72 †

Queen.

Queen. Good *Clarence* doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare *I* would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whearsthe Diuels butcher, hardfauored *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.
Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. *Ex.*
Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloster* gone?
Cla Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,
To see our gentle *Queene* how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

V.vi. Enter *Gloster* to king *Henry* in the Tower. Sc.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord *I* should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?

That

That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why dost thou thinke *I* am an executioner?
Hen. A persecutor *I* am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus *I* prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding luckless tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,

To

54 To ſignifie thou camſt to bite the world,
† And if the reſt be true that I haue heard
† Thou camſt into the world He ſtabs him.
† *Glo.* Die prophet in thy ſpeech, *I*le heare
† 58 No more, for this amongſt the reſt, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more ſlaughter after this.
60 O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. He dies.
Glo. What? will the aſpiring bloud of *Lancaſter*
† Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my ſword weepes for the poore kings death.
† 64 Now maie ſuch purple teares be alwaies ſhed,
† For ſuch as ſeeke the downefall of our houſe.
* If anie ſparke of life remaine in thee, Stab him againe.
67 Downe, downe to hell, and ſaie I ſent thee thither.
68 I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
† Indeed twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For *I* haue often heard my mother ſaie,
† That I came into the world with my legs forward,
† 72 And had I not reaſon thinke you to make haſt,
† And ſeeke their ruines that vſurpt our rights?
† The women wept and the midwife cride,
O *Ie*ſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth.
† 76 And ſo I was indeed, which plainelie ſignifide,
That *I* ſhould ſnarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
† Then ſince Heauen hath made my bodie ſo,
Let hell make crookt my mind to anſwere it.
* I had no father, I am like no father,
† 80 I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,

Be

Sc. XXV.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

73 Be resident in men like one another, 82
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light 84†
79 But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies, 86
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life, †
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
80 *Henry* and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next, 89-90 †
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest, 90†
Counting my selfe but bad, till *I* be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome. †
84 And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome. 93

Exit.

Sc XXVI.

Enter king *Edward*, *Queene Elizabeth*, and a Nurse with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Hastings*, and others.

V.vii.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne, 1
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies.
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
4 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride? 4
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three fold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne
8 And two *Northumberlands*, two brauer men 8
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwike* and *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
12 And made the Forrest tremble when they roard, 12

Thus

Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my boie,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. *I*le blast his harueſt, and your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.
Edward, *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louelie Queene,
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.
Cla. The dutie that *I* owe vnto your, Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence* worthie brother thankes.
Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child,
To saie the truth so *Iudas* kist his maister,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Edward. Nowe am *I* seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reuard her father to the king of *France*,
Hath pawnd the *Cyssels* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

Edward